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The Folk-Lore Readers

Book One

Eulalie Osgood Grover

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I'll sing you a song
though not very long,
Yet I think it as pretty as any

Put your hand in
your purse
You'll never be worse
And give the poor
singer
a
penny

The
Folk-Lore Readers

Book One

THE FOLK-LORE READERS

BY EULALIE OSGOOD GROVER
Member of American Folk-Lore Society
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Illustrated by Margaret Ely Webb

BOOK ONE

CHICAGO BOSTON
ATKINSON, MENTZER & GROVER

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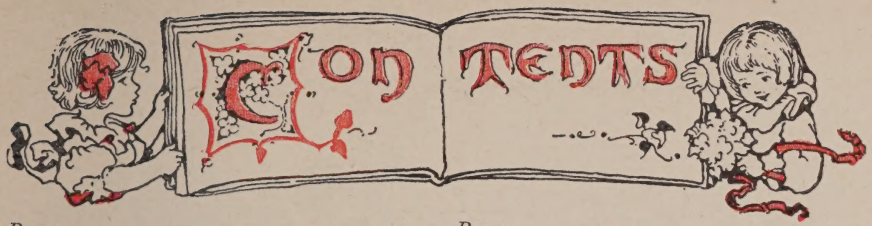

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Give them to your sons

HOT CROSS BUNS

Hot cross buns, hot cross buns,
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns.
If your daughters don't like them,
Give them to your sons.
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns.

You shall have no pie

THREE LITTLE KITTENS

Three little Kittens lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"O mother dear,
We very much fear
That we have lost our mittens."

"Lost your mittens!
You naughty Kittens!
Then you shall have no pie."
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
"No, you shall have no pie."
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

The three little Kittens found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"O mother dear,
See here, see here,
See! we have found our mittens."

"Put on your mittens,
You silly Kittens,
And you may have some pie."
"Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
Oh, let us have the pie!
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r."

We have found our mittens

We have soiled our mittens

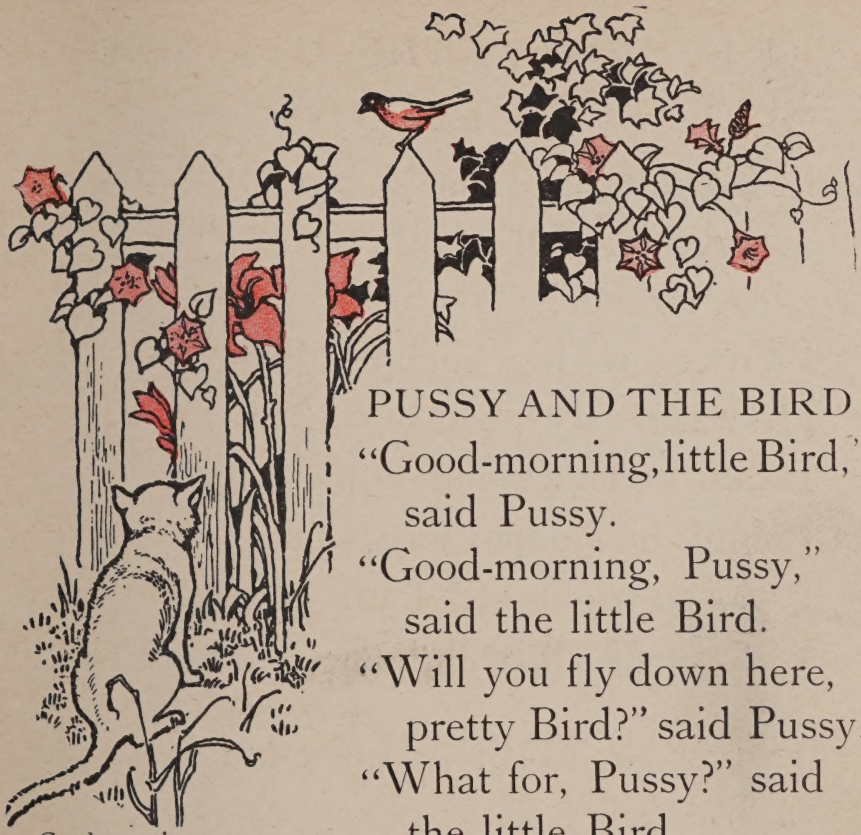
The three little Kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
"O mother dear,
We greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens."

"Soiled your mittens!
You naughty Kittens!"
Then they began to sigh,
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
Then they began to sigh,
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

The three little Kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry;
"O mother dear,
Do you not hear,
That we have washed our mittens?"

"Washed your mittens!
Oh, you're good Kittens,
But I smell a rat close by!"
"Hush, hush! mee-ow, mee-ow!
We smell a rat close by!
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!"

We have washed our mittens



Good-morning

PUSSY AND THE BIRD

"Good-morning, little Bird,"
said Pussy.
"Good-morning, Pussy,"
said the little Bird.
"Will you fly down here,
pretty Bird?" said Pussy.
"What for, Pussy?" said
the little Bird.
"I should like you for my breakfast.
I like birds better than mice," said Pussy.
"You cannot have me this morning, Pussy.
Go and get some wings," said the Bird.
"I shall come again sometime.
Then you may eat me if you can catch me."

THE MOUSE, THE CAT, AND THE ROOSTER

One day a little Mouse ran to his mother
and said, "Oh, mother!
oh, mother!
I have seen a big, big bird.
He was a very queer bird.
He opened his mouth at me.
I think he wanted to eat me.
I was so frightened I ran away.
Will the big bird hurt me, mother?"

Oh, mother!

Then how the Mother Mouse laughed!
"Oh, no!" she said.
"That bird is a rooster.
He opens his mouth
when he crows.
He makes a big noise,
but he will not hurt you.
You need not be afraid of him."

He made a big noise

"I saw some one else, mother,"
said the little Mouse.
"She looked like you.
She was larger than you.
She had a long, pretty tail.
She looked very kind and good.
I wanted to play with her.
I think she wanted to play with me, too.
But I heard the rooster crow and I ran away.
I wish I could find her again."

She looked very kind

"Oh, my dear child!" said the Mother Mouse,
"that was a cat.
You must not let her catch you.
She will eat you if you do.
She is not kind and good, as you think.
She eats all the mice she can catch.
The rooster will not hurt you,
but the cat will."

She will eat me

—Dodsley

"A barking dog seldom bites."

THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then?
Poor thing!

The robin

He will sit in the barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the honey-bee do?
Poor thing!

The honey-bee

In his hive he will stay,
Till the snow's gone away,
And then he'll come out in the spring,
Poor thing!

Oh, Henny Penny! the sky is falling

THE STORY OF CHICKEN LITTLE

Chicken Little was eating her breakfast in the garden, when a pea fell on her tail.

"The sky is falling!" cried Chicken Little. "I must go and tell the King."

So she ran and she ran till she met Henny Penny.

"Oh, Henny Penny! the sky is falling. I am going to tell the King," she cried.

"I will go with you," said Henny Penny.

So they ran and they ran till they met Turkey Lurkey.

"I will go with you," said Cockey Lockey

"Oh, Turkey Lurkey!" cried Chicken Little,
"the sky is falling.
We are going to tell the King."
"I will go with you," said Turkey Lurkey.
So they ran and they ran till they met
Cockey Lockey.
Then Chicken Little said, "Oh, Cockey
Lockey! the sky is falling.
We are going to tell the King."
"I will go with you," said Cockey Lockey.
So they ran and they ran till they met a Fox.

A Thanksgiving Dinner

"Oh, Mr. Fox!"
cried Chicken Little, "the sky is falling.
We are going to tell the King."
"I will go with you," said the Fox.
"I know right where the King lives."
So Chicken Little, Henny Penny, Turkey Lurkey and Cockey Lockey all ran after the great Fox.
He took them to his own den and he ate them, every one.
They never found the King's house.
The King never knew that the sky was falling.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

This is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat,
That caught the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That caught the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

The cow with the crumpled horn

This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That caught the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the
crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That caught the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

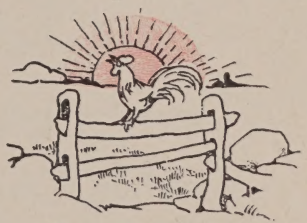
This is the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with
the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That caught the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

The man all tattered and torn

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the
crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That caught the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

The priest all shaven and shorn

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That caught the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that
Jack built.



The cock that crowed in the morn

This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That caught the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

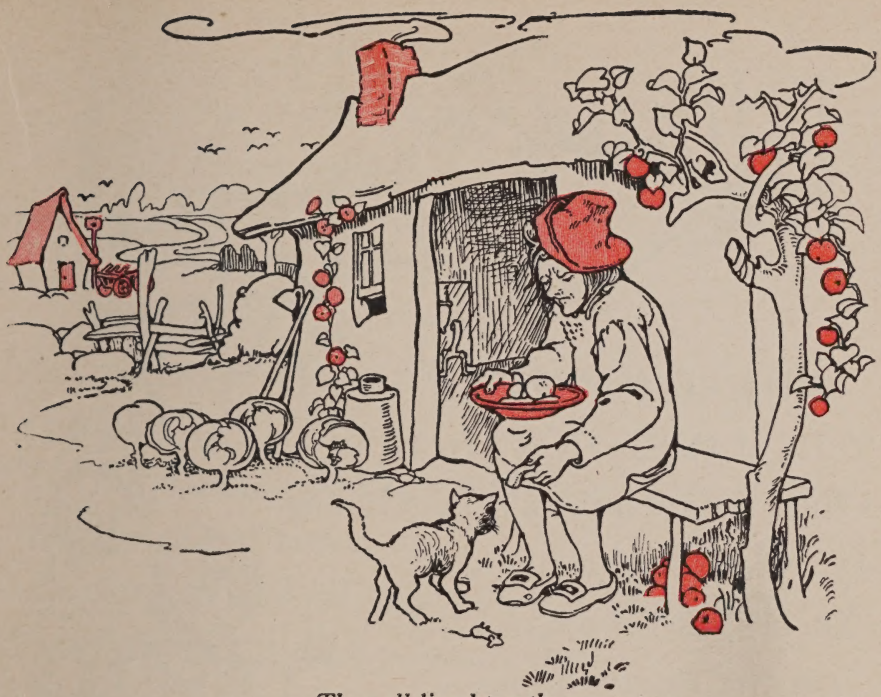
The farmer sowing his corn

What makes you walk so crooked?

THE CRAB AND HIS MOTHER

A Mother Crab once said to her Little Crab,
"What makes you walk so crooked?
You must learn to walk straight.
I don't like to see my child walk like that."
Then the Little Crab said to the Mother Crab,
"Show me how to walk straight, mother.
I will try to walk as you do."
But the Mother Crab crawled this way and that way, as crooked as could be.
She could not walk straight.
The Little Crab laughed and said,
"When you can walk straight, mother, then I think I can."

—*Æsop*



They all lived together

THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN

There was a crooked man, and he went
a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence against
a crooked stile,
He bought a crooked cat, which caught
a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little
crooked house.

THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE

Once I saw a very queer house.
It looked like a big shoe.
An old, old woman lived
in the queer house.
A great many children
lived with her.
Poor old woman!
She had so many
children she didn't
know what to do.
They all wanted to be
dressed at the same time.

The old woman and her children

We have some broth

They all wanted their breakfast at the same time.

They all wanted to play with the same things at the same time.

Sometimes they all cried at the same time.

What could the old woman do?

She was very poor.

She did not always have bread for the children to eat.

One night I heard her say, "My children,
I haven't any bread for you to-night.
Here is some broth.
If you cry for bread I must whip you every one."

We have no bread

The children ate the broth very happily.
But when it was gone they all began to cry,
"Dear old woman, we want some bread to eat!"
The old woman did not have any bread.
So she whipped them all soundly and put them to bed. I saw her do it.
Poor little children and poor old woman!

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipped them all soundly and put them to bed."

Poor little children!

She loved coffee, and I loved tea

MOLLY, MY SISTER, AND I FELL OUT

Molly, my sister, and I fell out,
And what do you think it was about?
She loved coffee, and I loved tea,
And that was the reason we couldn't agree.

But Molly, my sister, and I made up,
And now together we can sup,
For Molly drinks coffee, and I drink tea,
And we both are happy as happy can be.

The birds began to sing

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Sing a song of sixpence,
A bag full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
There came a little blackbird
And snapped off her nose.

Eating bread and honey

In the woods

THE THREE BEARS

Once there was a little girl.

Her name was Golden Locks.

Golden Locks liked to run and play.

One day she went to the woods after wild flowers.

She ran here.

She ran there.

At last she came to a little house in the woods.

Three Bears lived in the queer little house, but Golden Locks did not know it.

The door of the house was open, so the little girl went in.

No one was at home.

The Bears had all gone out for a walk.

Golden Locks thought she would look about a little.

She saw three bowls of broth on the table.

One was a very big bowl.

One was a middle-sized bowl.

And one was a very little bowl.

She was very hungry, so she tasted of the broth in the big bowl.

Tasting the broth

She did not like it.

Then she tasted of the broth in the middle-sized bowl.

She did not like that.

Then she tasted of the broth in the little bowl.

This was so good she ate it all up.

The little chair broke

Golden Locks saw three chairs.
One was a very big chair.
One was a middle-sized chair.
And one was a very little chair.
Golden Locks climbed up into the big chair and sat down.
She did not like the big chair.
She tried the middle-sized chair.
She did not like that chair.
Then she tried the little chair.
The little chair was very soft and Golden Locks liked it.
Golden Locks was a big girl.
The little chair broke and down she went.

Golden Locks picked herself up and looked all around once more.

She saw three beds.

One was a very big bed.

One was a middle-sized bed.

And one was a very little bed.

Golden Locks was tired after her long run.

So she lay down in the big bed.

She did not like this bed.

Out for a walk

She lay down in the middle-sized bed.

She did not like that bed.

She lay down in the little bed and was soon fast asleep.

When the Bears came home, Papa Bear said, "WHO HAS BEEN TASTING OF MY BROTH?"

Mamma Bear said, "WHO HAS BEEN TASTING OF MY BROTH?"

Little Baby Bear said, *"Who has been tasting of my broth and has eaten it all up?"*

When they saw their chairs, Papa Bear said, "WHO HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR?"

Mamma Bear said, "WHO HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR?"

Little Baby Bear said, *"Who has been sitting in my chair and has broken it?"*

Then they went to look at their beds and Papa Bear said, "WHO HAS BEEN IN MY BED?"

Mamma Bear said, "WHO HAS BEEN IN MY BED?"

Little Baby Bear said, *"Who has been in my bed? Who is in my bed now?"*

The Bears at home

How frightened she was!

Just then Golden Locks awoke.
She saw the little Bear looking at her,
and oh, how frightened she was!
There was an open window near the bed.
Golden Locks jumped out of the window
as quick as she could.
She ran and she ran until she came to her
home.
She never went to the Bears' house again.

—Retold from Robert Southey

THE EGG IN THE NEST

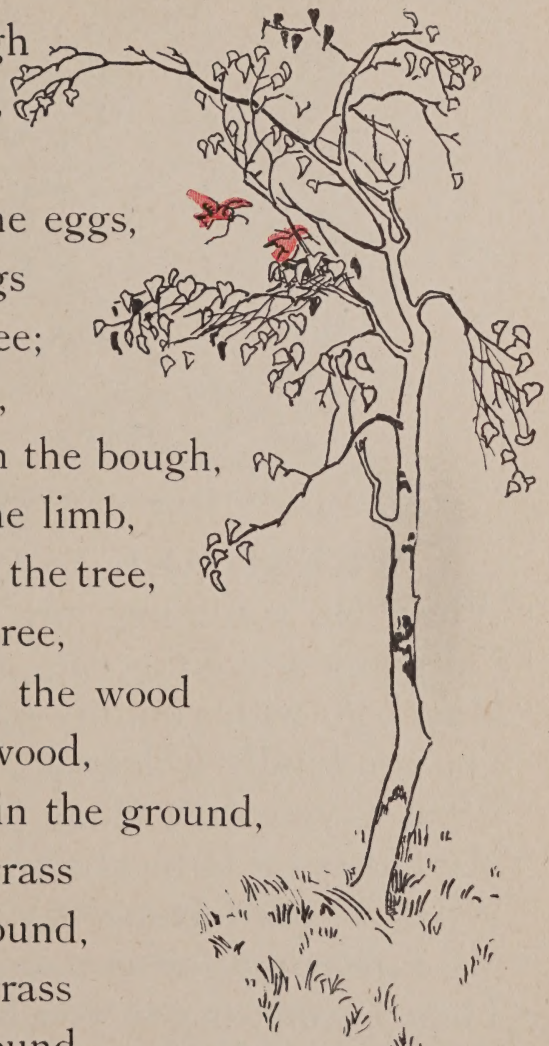
There was a tree stood in the ground,
The prettiest tree you ever did see;
The tree in the wood, and the wood in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around.

And on this tree there was a limb,
The prettiest limb you ever did see;
The limb on the tree, and the tree in the wood,
The tree in the wood, and the wood in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around.

And on this limb there was a bough,
The prettiest bough you ever did see;
The bough on the limb, and the limb on the tree,
The limb on the tree, and the tree in the wood,
The tree in the wood, and the wood in the ground,

And the green grass growing all around.

Now on this bough
there was a nest,
And in the nest
there were some eggs,
The prettiest eggs
you ever did see;
Eggs in the nest,
and the nest on the bough,
The bough on the limb,
and the limb on the tree,
The limb on the tree,
and the tree in the wood
The tree in the wood,
and the wood in the ground,
And the green grass
growing all around,
And the green grass
growing all around.



On the bough there was a nest

I'm going a-milking

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You are kindly welcome, sir," she said.
"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.
"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you to, sir," she said.

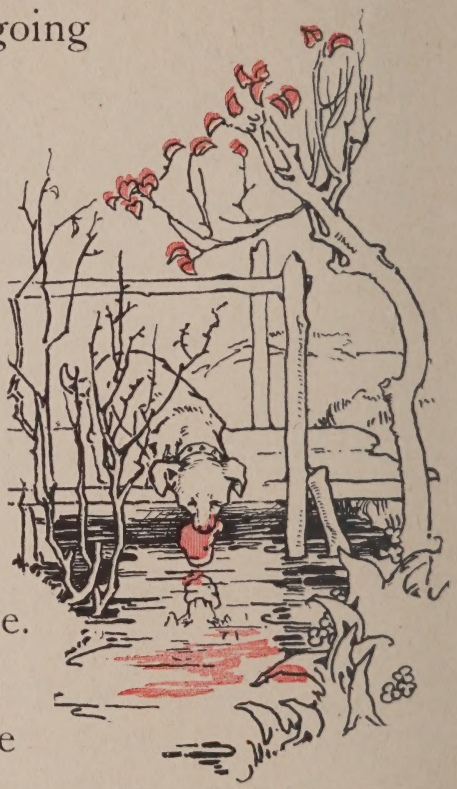
Who pulled her out?

DING, DONG, BELL

Ding, dong, bell!
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Green.
Who pulled her out?
Great Johnny Stout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown the poor, poor pussy-cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn.

THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW

One day a Dog was going over a bridge.
He had a piece of meat in his mouth.
He looked down into the water and said,
"I see a Dog down there. He has a piece of meat in his mouth. It looks larger than my piece. It looks better than mine. I must have that meat."



I must have that meat

So he dropped his own piece of meat.
He jumped into the water after the other Dog, but he never caught him.

—*Æsop*

"Much would have more and lost all."

Where is your house?

THE MOUSE'S HOUSE

I asked the Mouse,
"Where is your house?"
The Mouse then said to me,
"Tell not the Cat
And I'll tell thee.
Up stairs and down stairs,
Then straight ahead;
To the right, to the left,
Then bend down your head;
For there is my house,
With the door so small,
That even a Mouse
Can't go in if he's tall."

—Dieffenbach

THE FROG AND THE OX

One day a Frog saw an Ox.

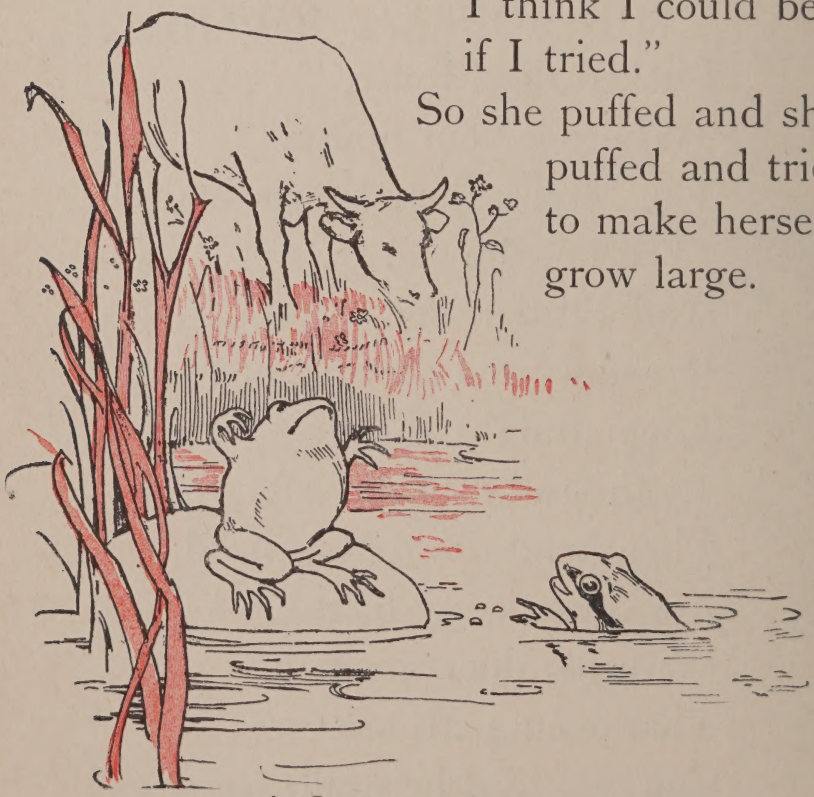
The Ox was very large and the Frog was very small.

"How fine it is to be so large!" said the Frog.

"I wish I could be as big as that Ox.

I think I could be, if I tried."

So she puffed and she puffed and tried to make herself grow large.



Am I as large as the great ox?

Then she said, "Sister, will this do?
Am I as large as the great Ox?"
"Far from it," said the Sister Frog.
The little Frog puffed and puffed again.
"Will this do?" she asked once more.
"Oh, no!" said the Sister Frog.
So the Frog puffed and puffed again.
"Now will it do?" she said at last.
But she puffed so hard she burst her skin,
and so the poor Frog died.

—*Æsop*

LITTLE FROGS AT SCHOOL

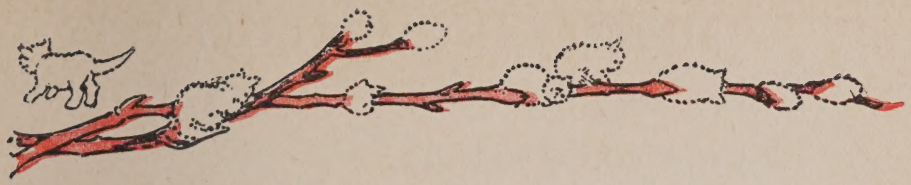
Twenty Froggies went to school,
Down beside a rushy pool;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.
"We must be in trim," said they,
"First we study, then we play,
That is how we keep the rule,
When we Froggies go to school."

Asleep on the hay

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

One warm summer day a Dog went to sleep
in a manger full of sweet hay.
Soon a hungry Ox came into the barn.
The Ox had been working hard.
He wanted to eat the hay in the manger,
but the Dog would not let him have it.
"Do you want to eat the hay?" the Ox asked.
"No, I don't like hay," said the Dog.
"Then why not let me have it?" said the Ox.

—Æsop



CALLING PUSSY WILLOW

"Pussy, Pussy, Pussy Willow!"
Called a little girl in spring;
"Pussy, Pussy, Pussy Willow!
Come and all your kittens bring.

"Oh, I long to see you, Pussy,
And your little kittens gray;
For you bring the springtime, Pussy,
And you send the cold away,

"Come, dear Pussy, Pussy Willow;
Come, with all your kittens gray:
Breezes now are softly calling,
And the sun is warm to-day.

"Skies are clear and smiling, Pussy;
Robin's here, and bluebird, too:
But it isn't springtime, truly,
Pussy, Pussy, without you."

HUSH, BABY, MY DOLL

Hush, baby, my Doll,
I pray you don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread
and some milk by-and-by;

Or, perhaps
you like custard,
or maybe, a tart,
Then to either
you are welcome,
with all my heart.

I'll give you some bread and some milk by-and-by

THE TWO FROGS

It was a hot summer day.
Everything was dry.
There was very little water
to be found.
It was all dried up.
Early in the morning,
two thirsty Frogs
set out to find some
water.
At last they saw a deep well.
There was water in the
bottom of the well.

They saw a deep well

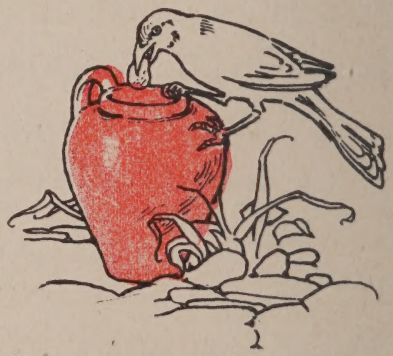
One of the Frogs wanted to jump in.
The other Frog said, "You may jump in
if you want to. I will stay up here.
If the water in this well should dry up, too,
we should die down there, for we never
could get out."

—*Æsop*

"Be sure you look before you leap."

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER

Once upon a time a Crow was very thirsty.
The only water he could find was in the bottom of a tall pitcher.
The Crow tried and tried to reach the water, but he could not.
Then a bright thought came to him.
He dropped a pebble into the pitcher.
He dropped another pebble into the pitcher.

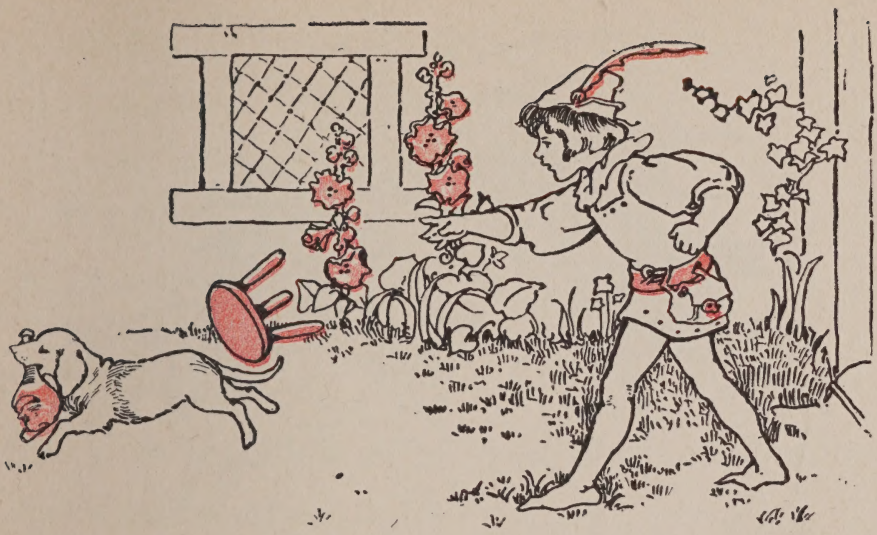


He dropped a pebble into the pitcher

Then he dropped another pebble into the pitcher.
He dropped so many pebbles into the pitcher that at last the water was near the top.
Then the Crow could drink all he wanted.
What a wise old Crow!

—*Æsop*

"We never know the worth of water
till the well is dry."



Four-legs runs away with one-leg

A RIDDLE

Two-legs sat upon three-legs,
With one-leg in his lap;
In comes four-legs,
And runs away with one-leg;
Up jumps two-legs,
Catches up three-legs,
Throws it after four-legs,
And makes him bring one-leg back.

They danced all night

THE STARS IN THE SKY

There was once a little girl who wanted
to play with the bright stars.
She hunted everywhere for them,
but she never came near them.
One day she met some Fairies and she said,
"Oh, Good Fairies! can you tell me how
I can find the stars?
I want to play with them."

"Oh, yes, little girl!" said the Fairies.
"They shine down on us every night.
Come and dance with us to-night.
We shall help you to find the pretty stars."
So the little girl danced with the Fairies.
She danced all night but the stars did not come to her.
She did not know what to do and the Fairies did not know what to do.
At last they said, "We shall send you to somebody who can help you more than we can. We shall send you to Four-Legs."
Now Four-Legs was a horse.
Four-Legs took the little girl to No-Legs-At-All.
No-Legs-At-All was a big, big fish.
The fish took her to the stairs that have no steps.
These stairs were far out on the water.
They were the shining rainbow.

No Legs-At-All told the little girl that the stairs would take her to the stars.

The little girl tried and tried to go up the stairs.

But they had no steps, you know, and they were very hard to climb.

She had gone up only a little way, when—thump! thump! down she fell.

When she opened her eyes, she lay on the floor of her pretty room.

She had tumbled out of bed.

The stars were still up in the sky.

The Fairies had gone away.

Four-Legs had gone away.

No-Legs-At-All had gone away.

She could not find the stairs that have no steps.

"Oh, what a very queer dream!" said the little girl.

"Without going, you can get nowhere."

A LITTLE BOY'S DREAM

A little boy
was dreaming
Upon his nurse's
lap,
That the pins fell out
of all the stars,
And the stars
fell into his cap.

So when his dream
was over,
What did that
little boy do?
He went and
looked in-
side his cap,
And found
it was not true.

—Nursery Rhyme

The stars fell into his cap

THE FOX THAT LOST HIS TAIL

A Fox was caught in a trap one day.
When he got out he found that his tail was gone.
This made him so ashamed that he did not want to live.
"I will get all the other Foxes to cut their tails off, too," he said to himself.
"Then I shall not care if I do not have a tail."
So he called the Foxes together.
He said to them, "Tails are of no use to Foxes.
See, I have cut my tail off.
Why don't you all cut your tails off?
I am sure you would all be much happier without them."
"Ah, my good friend," said one of the Foxes,
"If you could get your tail on again, you would not be telling us to cut ours off."

—*Æsop*

Why don't you cut your tails off?

I like the smell of cheese

THE WISE MOUSE

One day a Mouse came out of his hole.
He saw a mouse-trap and said,
"Ah, there is a trap.
How wise men think they are!
They set a trap with a nice piece of cheese.
They call it a mouse-trap.
They think they can catch us in it.
What if we mice were not so wise as we are?
We know very well that we must not eat that cheese.
If we do the trap will fall and catch us.
Oh, yes, mice are very wise!
But," said the Mouse, "one can smell of the cheese.

No harm can come just from smelling.
I like the smell of cheese."
So the wise little Mouse walked into the trap.
He smelled of the cheese.
But the trap was set very lightly.
The mouse had smelled only once when,—
Clap! Down fell the trap!
The poor little mouse was caught.

—*Grimm*

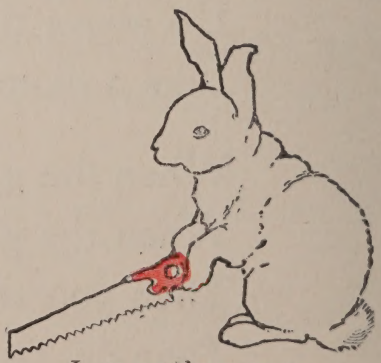
THE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

HOW THE PIG BUILT A HOUSE

Once upon a time a curly-tailed Pig said,
"I am tired of living in a pen.
I am going to build me a house in the woods."
On his way to the woods he met a Rabbit.
"Good-morning, Pig," said the Rabbit.
"Good-morning, Rabbit," said the Pig.
"Where are you going this fine morning?"
said the Rabbit.
"I am going to the woods to build me a house.
I am tired of living in a pen," said the Pig.
"May I go with you?" said the Rabbit.
"What can you do to help?" said the Pig.
"I can cut down trees to build your house,"
said the Rabbit.
"I have very sharp teeth."
"Good!" said the Pig.
"You are just the one I
want.
You may come with
me."



I can cut down trees

As they walked and talked about their new house, they met a Duck.

"Good-morning, Pig," said the Duck.

"Good-morning, Duck," said the Pig.

"Where are you going this fine morning?" said the Duck.

"I am going to the woods to build me a house. I am tired of living in a pen," said the Pig.

"May I go with you?" said the Duck.

"What can you do to help?" said the Pig.

"I can plaster your house," said the Duck.

"I can carry the mud on my broad bill."

"Good!" said the Pig.

"You are just the one I want.
You may come with me."

I can plaster your house

So the Pig, the Rabbit and the Duck walked on.

Soon they met a Rooster.

"Good-morning, Pig," said the Rooster.

"Good-morning, Rooster," said the Pig.

"Where are you going this fine morning?" said the Rooster.

"I am going to the woods to build me a house. I am tired of living in a pen," said the Pig.

"May I go with you?" said the Rooster.

"What can you do to help?" said the Pig.

"I will be your clock.
I will crow every morning and waken you at daybreak," said the Rooster.

"Good!" said the Pig.

"You are just the one I want.
You may come with me."

When they reached the woods, they built a fine house.

The Rooster wakened them all every morning.

And they lived happily ever after.

They built a fine house

Will you listen to me?

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the Cow, "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay.
But I didn't take your nest away.
Not I," said the Cow, "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bobolink! bobolink!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog

"Not I," said the Dog, "bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow;
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the Dog, "bow-wow!
I'm not so mean, anyhow."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bobolink! bobolink!
Now what do you think?
Who stole the nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Coo-coo! coo-coo! coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little Yellow-Breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep

"Not I," said the Sheep, "Oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! baa!" said the Sheep, "Oh, no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bobolink! bobolink!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Coo-coo! coo-coo! coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little Yellow-Breast?"

"Caw! caw!" cried the crow

"Caw! caw!" cried the Crow,
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day?"

"Cluck! cluck!" said the Hen,
"Don't ask me again;
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick;
We all gave a feather,
And she wove them together;
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! cluck!" said the Hen,
"Don't ask me again."

"Cluck! cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again"

"Chirr-a-whirr! chirr-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry, 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little Yellow-Breast,
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

—*Lydia Maria Child*

THE MAN AND HIS GOOSE

"Oh, wife!" said a man one day,
"our goose has laid a golden egg.
I shall go and sell it.
This golden egg will make us rich.
We shall not be poor any more."

The goose that laid golden eggs

So the man sold his egg.
The next day he found another egg just like it.
And the next day he found another.
He found a golden egg every morning
and he sold them all.
One day he said to his wife, "I wish I could
have all my golden eggs at once.
I will kill the goose and get them all."
So he killed the goose and cut her open.
But he found no golden eggs, and his goose
was dead.

—*Æsop.*

"Let well enough alone."

The great Lion

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

One day a Lion was asleep in the woods.
A little Mouse was playing near by and ran over the big Lion's paw.
This wakened the Lion and he caught the Mouse.
The poor little Mouse was very frightened.
She looked up at the great Lion and said,

"O Mr. Lion, you are very big.
I know you are very good, too.
You will not hurt a little Mouse like me.
I am sure you will not."

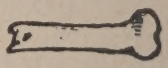
The Lion liked to be called good, so he said,
"Run away, little Mouse.
I do not want to hurt you.
But you must never run over my paw again."
Then away the Mouse ran!
But she did not forget the Lion's kindness.
One day some men caught the Lion.
They tied him with great ropes.
The little Mouse found him tied and said,
"Poor Mr. Lion, I think I can help you."
The Lion only laughed and said,
"How can a little Mouse help a big lion?"
The Mouse began to gnaw the ropes.
She gnawed and gnawed till she had cut them all.
Then the Lion was free.
"You see I did not forget your kindness to me, Mr. Lion," said the Mouse.
"Once you saved my life, to-day I have saved yours."

—*Æsop*

Old Mother Hubbard

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.



A bone

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread;
But when she came back.
The poor dog was dead.

Some bread

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat;
But when she came back,
He was feeding the cat.

The hat

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat;
But when she came back,
He was riding a goat.

The coat

The dame made a curtesy,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, "Your servant,"
The dog said, "Bow-wow."

"Bow-wow"

Oh, mother!

THE YOUNG MOUSE

There was once a little Mouse that lived in a cupboard.
Many nice things were kept there.
The Mouse had all she wanted to eat.
She often ran into the dining-room when the family were eating.
She picked up the crumbs under the table.
Nobody had ever hurt her, but sometimes she was frightened by the cat.
One day she came running to her mother in great joy.
"Oh, mother!" she said, "somebody has built a little house for me to live in.

The house is in the cupboard.
I am sure it is for me, it is so small.
I think it was made so I could be safe
from that naughty cat.
The door is just big enough for me,
but it is not big enough for Puss.
There was some cheese in the little house.
It smelled so good I wanted to run right in
and eat some.
I thought I would tell you about it first.
Come, mother, let us go back and stay there
to-night."
"My dear child," said the Mother Mouse,
"that house is a trap.
I am so glad you did not go into it.
I never should have seen you again.
You would have been caught in the trap.
Then you would have been given to the cat
and she would have eaten you.
You must run away from the trap
as you do from the cat."

—*Dr. Aikin.*

THE FISHERMAN AND THE FISH

Oh, Fisherman, do not kill me!

A Fisherman was catching Fish one day.
He was taking a Fish from his hook, when the Fish said,
"Oh, Fisherman, do not kill me!
Throw me into the water again.
I am too little to be eaten now.
I shall be much better when I am larger."
"That may be," said the Fisherman. "But I am not sure of catching you then."

—*Æsop*

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY

When I was a little boy,
I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got,
I put upon my shelf.

On a wheelbarrow

The rats and the mice,
They made such a strife,
I had to go to London
To buy me a wife.

The streets were so broad,
And the lanes were so narrow,
I had to bring my wife home
On a wheelbarrow.

The wheelbarrow broke,
And my wife had a fall;
Down tumbled wheelbarrow,
Little wife and all.

LITTLE BO-PEEP

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them, indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

Baa, baa, black Sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full:
One for my master, one for my dame,
And one for the little boy that lives in the lane.

Little Bo-peep

THE LITTLE MAN

There was once a little boy.
He was only five years old.
He thought he was a very big boy.
One day he said, "I am not little any more.
I am almost as big as my papa.
See, I can wear my papa's hat."
Then he put on his papa's hat.
He took his papa's cane and he went to walk.
He did not care if the hat did come down to his ears.
He did not care if the cane was almost as tall as he.
He was having a fine time.
All the people laughed at the queer little man.
They said, "Oh, Hat! what are you thinking about?
Oh, Cane! where are you going with that little boy?"

—From the German

THE·PEOPLE·LAUGHED

THE BREAKFAST THAT FLEW AWAY

It had been snowing fast.
The wind was very cold.
The poor little snowbirds could find nothing to eat.
Some of them were almost frozen.
Pussy saw five little birds lying on the snow in the yard.
Their wings were so stiff they could not fly.
They looked as if they were dead.
Pussy ran out and brought the birds into the kitchen.
She laid them down by the stove.
"What a good breakfast I shall have," she thought.
Pussy was not very hungry just then, so she lay down under the stove and went to sleep.
The kitchen was very warm.
The little birds soon began to move.
They were not dead at all.
They were only very stiff.

A breakfast party

Soon the birds were all flying about.
A little girl gave them some crumbs to eat.
Then she opened the door and said, "Fly away, little birds. Fly quick, before Pussy wakens."
And away they all flew.
When Pussy woke she found that her good breakfast had all flown away.

—From the German

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"Peep! peep!" said the chicken

A LITTLE YELLOW CHICKEN

A little yellow Chicken
Came out of her shell,
She ate some nice meal,
And she felt very well.

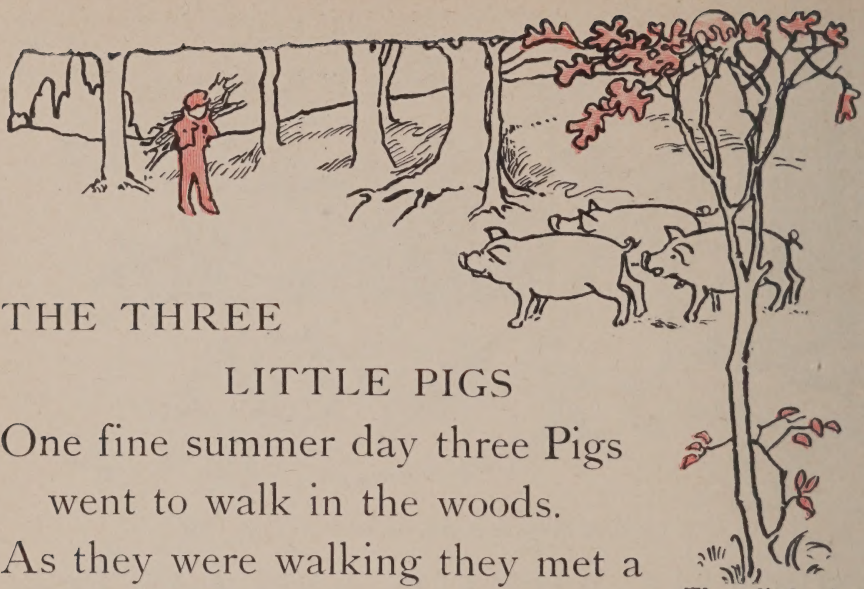
"Peep! peep!" said the Chicken,
The Mother said, "Cluck!
Be careful, my dear,
Of the cat and the duck."

Where there is a will there is a way

THE RATS, THE FOX AND THE EGG

One day two Rats were quietly eating a fine
large egg, when they saw a Fox.
"What shall we do?" said the Rats.
"Old Fox will eat our egg and us, too,
if we stay here."
In a minute one wise Rat was on his back.
He held the egg with his four feet.
The other Rat took his friend's tail.
Then he ran fast till he came to their home.
There the Rats ate their egg without fear.

—La Fontaine



Three little pigs went to walk

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

One fine summer day three Pigs went to walk in the woods.

As they were walking they met a man with a bundle of straw.

One little Pig said, "Will you give me your bundle of straw, kind sir? I want to build me a house."

The man said, "Oh, yes! my good Pig. The straw is yours."

Then the Pig built a house of the straw and he lived in the house.

As the other two Pigs walked on, they met a man with a bundle of sticks.

The house of sticks

"Will you give me your bundle of sticks, kind sir?" said one of the little Pigs.

"I want to build me a house."

"Oh, yes! my brave Pig," said the man. "The sticks are yours."

Then the Pig built a house of the sticks and he lived in the house.

As the other little Pig walked on all alone, he met a man with a bundle of bricks.

"Will you give me your bundle of bricks, kind sir?" said the Pig.

"I want to build me a house."

"Oh, yes! my wise Pig," said the man. "The bricks are yours."

Then the Pig built a house of the bricks and he lived in the house.

"Let me in, little Pig"

One day in winter an old Wolf knocked at the door of the little straw house.

"Let me in, little Pig," he said.

"No, no! by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin, I'll not let you in," said the good little Pig.

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in," said the old Wolf.

So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in.

Then he ate up the good little Pig.

"I'll not let you in"

The next day the old Wolf knocked at the door of the little house made of sticks.

"Let me in, little Pig," he said.

"No, no! by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin, I'll not let you in," said the brave little Pig.

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in," said the old Wolf.

So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in.

Then he ate up the brave little Pig.

The wise little Pig and his house

The next day the old Wolf knocked at the door of the little brick house.

"Let me in, little Pig," he said.

"No, no! by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin, I'll not let you in," said the wise little Pig.

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in," said the old Wolf.

So he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, but he could not blow the little brick house in.

The wise little Pig still lives in his strong brick house.

Why don't you grow?

THE LITTLE ELF

I met a little Elfman once,
Down where the lilies blow,
I asked him why he was so small
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I'm quite as big for me," he said,
"As you are big for you."

—John Kendrick Bangs

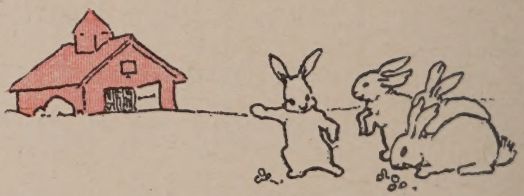
THE TEN LITTLE RABBITS

1. Little Rabbit *one*
Went out in the field to run.

2. Little Rabbits *two*
Said they didn't know what
to do.

3. Little Rabbits *three*
Said, "Let us climb a tree."

4. Little Rabbits *four*
Said, "Let us
swing on
the old barn
door."



5. Little Rabbits *five*
Said, "We're glad
just to be alive."

6. Little Rabbits *six*
Said, "We like
to pick up sticks."

7. Little Rabbits *seven*
Said, "We wish
we were eleven."

8. Little Rabbits *eight*
Said, "Let us run
through the gate."

9. Little Rabbits *nine*
Said, "Then let us form in line."

10. Little Rabbits *ten*
All got in line—and then—
Wasn't it fun to see them run!

—*Kate N. Mytinger*

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Once upon a time there was a little girl.
She was a very timid little girl.
She was afraid of almost everything.
She was afraid of dogs.
She was afraid of mice.
She was even afraid of spiders.
One day this timid little girl took her supper out into the garden to eat it.
She thought she would be safe among the pretty flowers.
She sat on a tuffet of soft, green grass.
Her supper was a bowl of curds and whey, which she liked very much.
She had just begun to eat her curds and whey, when something came and sat down on the tuffet beside her.
It was a big, black spider.
The timid little girl was so frightened, she dropped her bowl of curds and whey.

The little girl ran into the house as fast as she could run.
The big, black spider was so frightened he ran right into the curds and whey and was drowned.
The timid little girl's name was Miss Muffet. This is the song we sing about her.

There came a great spider

"Little Miss Muffet,
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a great spider,
And sat down beside her,
Which frightened Miss Muffet away."

THINGS TO GUESS

Black within and red without;
Four corners round about.

As round as an apple,
  as deep as a cup,
And all the King's horses
  can't pull it up.

Feathers it has and cannot fly,
Legs it has and cannot walk.

Higher than a house,
  higher than a tree,
Oh, whatever can that be?

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the King's horses,
  and all the King's men,
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again.

In winter time

WHEN WE HAVE TEA

In winter time, when we have tea,
We have to light the lamp to see;
The days are cold, the winds blow strong,
The sun's afraid to stay out long.

In summer time, quite otherwise,
It seems he's always in the skies;
The weather's warm, he likes to stay,
And so we have our tea by day.

—*Thomas Tapper*

THE KITTEN AND THE MOUSE

Once there was a little Kitty,
White as the snow;
In the barn she used to frolic,
Long time ago.

In the barn a little Mousie,
Ran to and fro;
For she heard the Kitty coming,
Long time ago.

Nine pearl teeth had little Kitty,
All in a row;
And they bit the little Mousie,
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little Mousie,
Mousie cried, "Oh!"
But she got away from Kitty,
Long time ago.

DING DONG! DING DONG!

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song;
'Tis about a little bird;
He sat upon a tree,
And he sang to me,
And I never spoke a word.

I'll sing you a song

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song;
'Tis about a little mouse;
He looked very cunning,
As I saw him running
About my father's house.

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song
About my little kitty;
She's speckled all over,
And I know you'll love her,
For she is very pretty.

My little kitty

—Eliza Lee Follen

The Gingerbread Boy ran away

THE GINGERBREAD BOY

Once there was a little old man and once there was a little old woman.

The little old man and the little old woman lived together in a little old house.

The little old house was near a dark wood.

One morning the little old woman was baking gingerbread cakes.

She said to the little old man, "I am tired of eating round gingerbread cakes. I am going to make a cake that will look like a boy."

So she cut out a cake to look just like a little boy.

Then she put the cake in the oven to bake.

After a while the little old woman went to the oven to see if her cake was baked.

When she opened the oven door, the Gingerbread Boy jumped out and ran away, as fast as he could go.

The little old woman and the little old man ran after him, but they could not catch him.

Soon the Gingerbread Boy came to some men who were threshing.

He said to the men, "I have run away from a little old woman and a little old man. I can run away from you, too; I can and I can."

Then the men who were threshing ran after him, but they could not catch him.

Soon the Gingerbread Boy came to some men who were mowing.

He said to the men, "I have run away from a little old woman, a little old man and some men who were threshing.

I can run away from you, too; I can and I can."

Then the men who were mowing ran after him, but they could not catch him.

Soon the Gingerbread Boy came to a cow.

He said to the cow, "I have run away from a little old woman, a little old man, some men who were threshing and some men who were mowing.

I can run away from you, too; I can and I can."

Then the cow ran after him, but she could not catch him.

Soon the Gingerbread Boy came to a pig.

He said to the pig, "I have run away from a little old woman, a little old man, some men who were threshing, some men who were mowing and a cow.

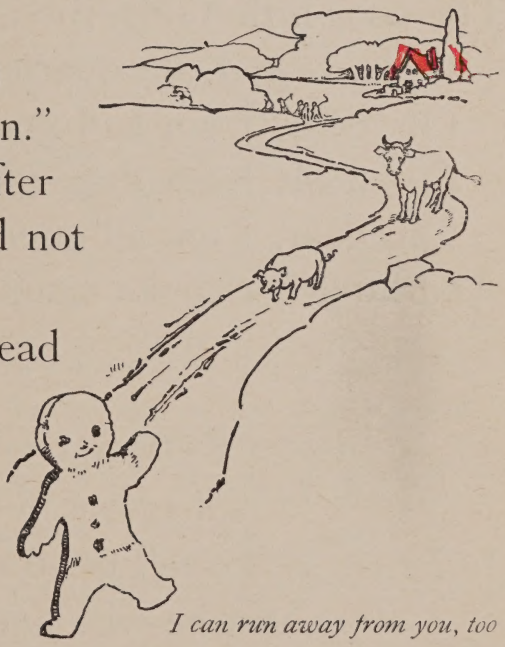
I can run away
from you, too;
I can and I can."

Then the pig ran after him, but he could not catch him.

Soon the Gingerbread Boy came to a fox.

He said to the fox, "I have run away from a little old woman, a little old man, some men who were threshing, some men who were mowing, a cow and a pig.

I can run away from you, too; I can and I can."



I can run away from you, too

Then the fox ran after him.
Now the old fox could run very fast.
He soon caught the Gingerbread Boy and began to eat him.
The poor little Gingerbread Boy said,
"Oh, dear, I am quarter gone!
Oh, dear, I am half gone!
Oh, dear, I am three-quarters gone!
Oh, dear, I am all gone!"
And he never spoke again.

COCK CROWS IN THE MORN

"Cock crows in the morn
To tell us to rise,
And he who lies late
Will never be wise.
For early to bed,
And early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy
And wealthy and wise."

HUMPTY DUMPTY

Allegretto. *p* J. W. ELLIOTT

Hump - ty Dump - ty sat on a wall, Hump - ty Dump - ty

p

cres.

had a great fall; All the king's hors - es, and all the king's men,

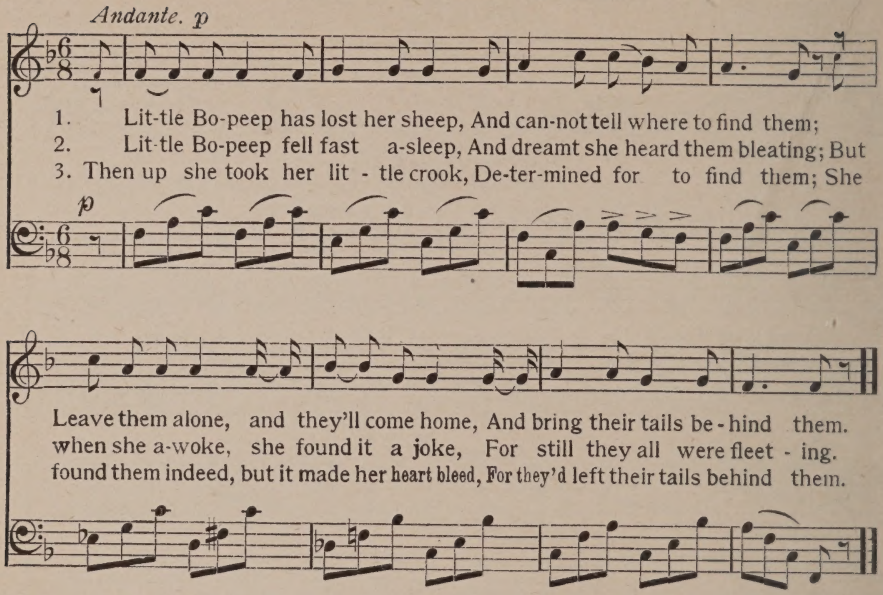
cres.

p *cres.*

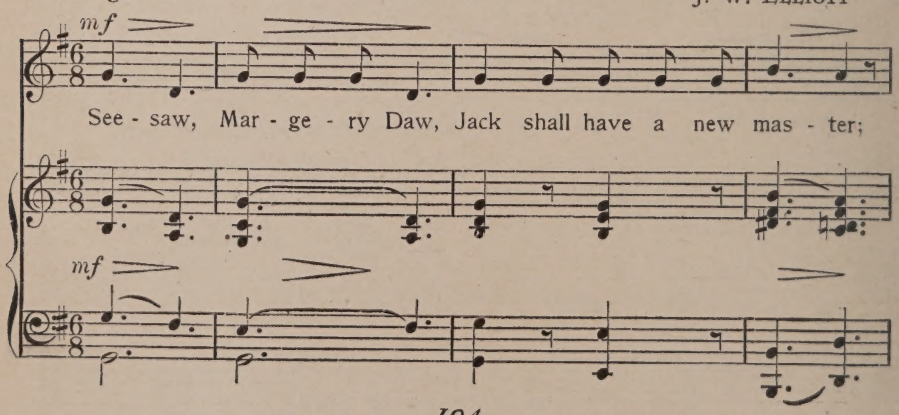
Could n't put Hump - ty Dump - ty to - geth - er a - gain.

p ten. *ten.* *fz* *f* *p*

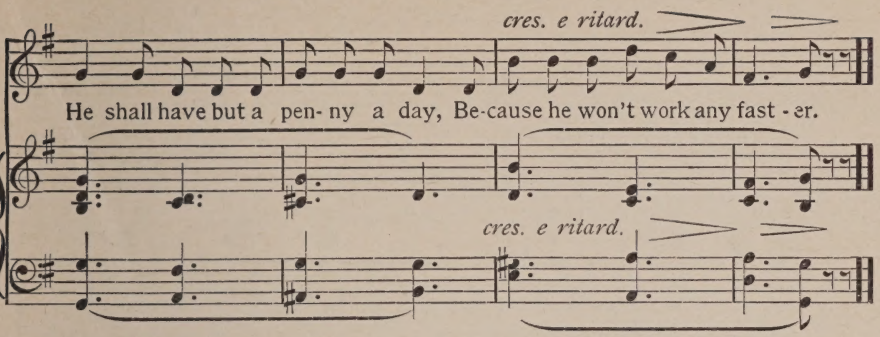
LITTLE BO-PEEP


Andante. p
1. Lit-tle Bo-peep has lost her sheep, And can-not tell where to find them;
2. Lit-tle Bo-peep fell fast a-sleep, And dreamt she heard them bleating; But
3. Then up she took her lit - tle crook, De-ter-mined for to find them; She
p
Leave them alone, and they'll come home, And bring their tails be - hind them.
when she a-woke, she found it a joke, For still they all were fleet - ing.
found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed, For they'd left their tails behind them.

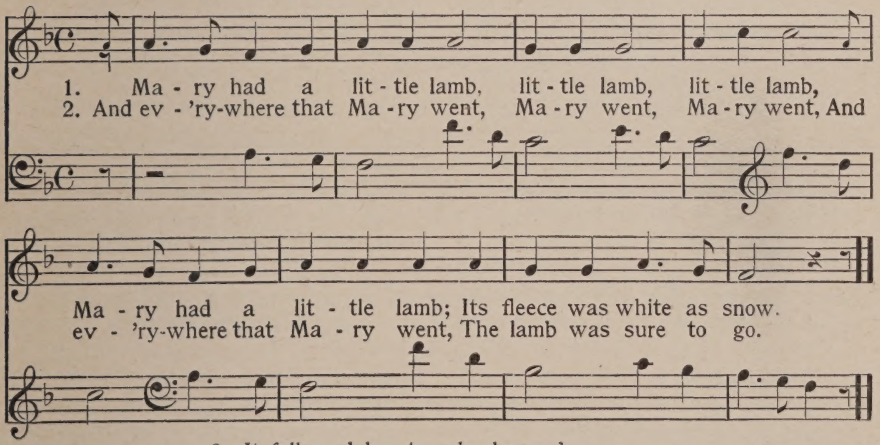
SEE-SAW, MARGERY DAW



SEE-SAW, MARGERY DAW



MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB


1. Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb,
2. And ev - 'ry-where that Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, And
Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb; Its fleece was white as snow.
ev - 'ry-where that Ma - ry went, The lamb was sure to go.

3 It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule.

4 It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb in school.

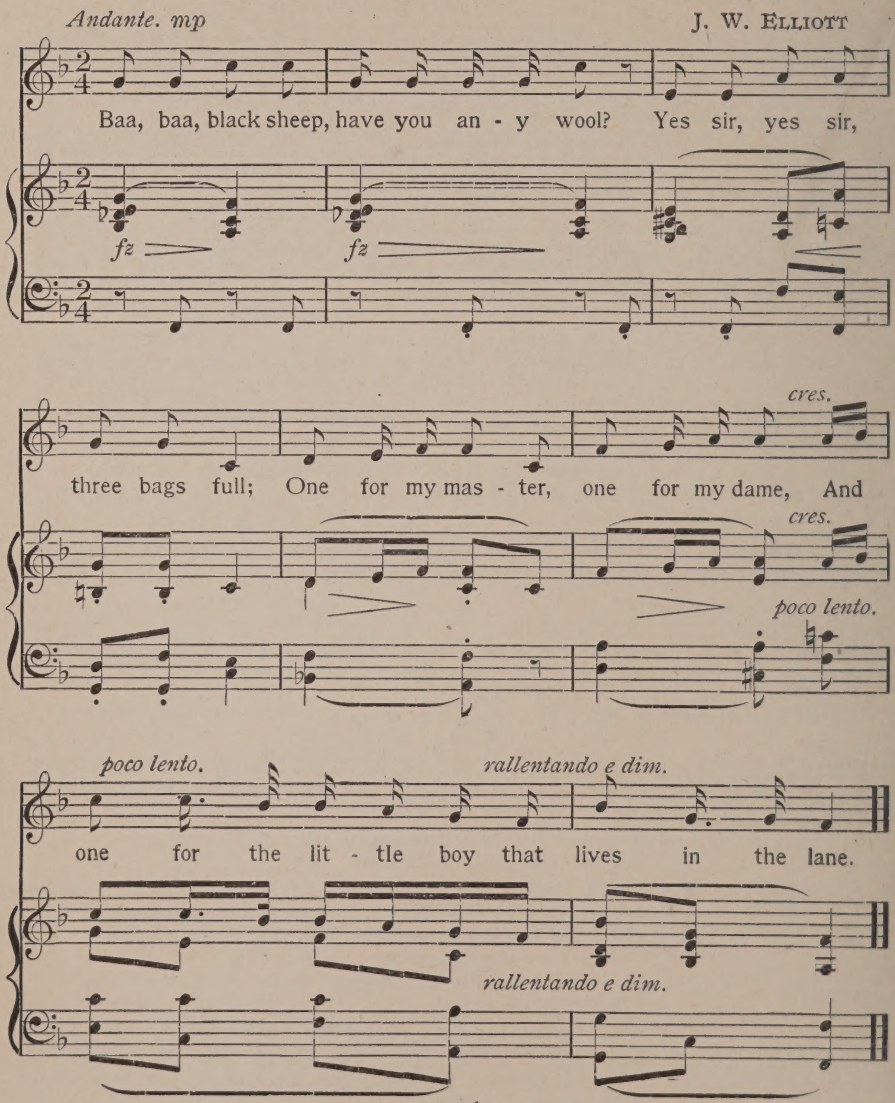
5 And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near;

6 And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.

7 "What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry;

8 "Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP


Andante. mp
J. W. Elliott
Baa, baa, black sheep, have you an - y wool? Yes sir, yes sir,
fz
fz
three bags full; One for my mas - ter, one for my dame, And
cres.
cres.
poco lento.
poco lento.
rallentando e dim.
one for the lit - tle boy that lives in the lane.
rallentando e dim.

ABOUT THE BOOK

THE child's natural realm is that of the imagination. To compel him to live continually in the world of realism would not only rob him of one of the chief joys of childhood but would interfere seriously with the development of his imagination, upon which so much of his happiness and success in later life depends.

The series of "Folk-Lore Readers" represents an attempt to organize and grade the choicest of the folk-lore material, which has been available hitherto only in individual and ungraded books. Beginning in the Primer with the best of the Nursery Rhymes, the series contains in the First and Second Readers selected material from Æsop, La Fontaine, Perrault, Hans Anderson, the brothers Grimm, the classic writers of Greece and Rome, and many others who have put in literary form the folk-tales of the different nations.

In the higher books of the series the material is chosen from the world's best literature, with the emphasis on the legendary and folk-lore side. In these books selections are made from such works as Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," Ruskin's "King of the Golden River," Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and Longfellow's "Hiawatha." The thought of the series is not only to make the child acquainted with the folk-lore literature of his own and other nations, but to appeal to and to develop his imagination along legitimate and profitable lines. The training of the imagination is one of the pressing needs of our American education. It is also believed that no approach to literature is beset with so few difficulties and discouragements as that which leads through the imaginative folk-tales that have come to us from the childhood of the various races.

Book One of the Folk-Lore Series follows the Primer with very slight increase in difficulty. The lessons are based on folk-lore rhymes and fables that are in part familiar to the child. This leaves his mind free for the mastering of the printed forms.

In point of vocabulary, introduction of new words, and total amount of reading matter it is one of the simplest First Readers.

Thanks are due Miss Ada Van Stone Harris, *Supervisor of Primary Schools, Rochester, N. Y.*, for reading the manuscript and for many valuable suggestions.

Chicago, February 22, 1905. E. O. G.

THE GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

The following key explains the symbols which are used to indicate the pronunciation of the words in The Folk-Lore Readers, Book One. It is based upon the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

ā . . as in **āte**
ă . . as in **ădd**
â . . as in **âir**
ȧ . . as in **ȧsk**
ä . . as in **färr**
ą . . as in **ąll**
ē . . as in **ēat**
ĕ . . as in **ĕ vent′**
ĕ . . as in **mĕt**
ẽ . . as in **hẽr**
ī . . as in **īce**
ĭ . . as in **ĭt**
ō . . as in **ōld**
ŏ . . as in **ŏ bey′**
ŏ . . as in **nŏt**
ô . . as in **lôrd**
ū . . as in **ūse**
ŭ . . as in **ŭp**
û . . as in **fûr**
u̇ . . as in **pu̇t**
u̇ . . as in **rude**
y̆ . . as in **ba′by̆**
o͞o . . as in **mo͞on**
o͝o . . as in **go͝od**
ou . . as in **out**
oi . . as in **oil**
th . . as in **this**
n=ng as in **ink**
′ for voice glide as in **eaten** (et′′n)

Silent letters and obscure vowels are italicized.

6

hŏt
cross (krŏs)
buns (bŭnz)
pĕn′nў
daughters (dą′tērz)
sons (sŭnz)

7

lŏst
mĭt′tens (tĕnz)
bē găn′
cry (krī)
mother (mŭth′-ēr)
mŭch
fēar
naughty (ną′tў)

8

found
sĭl′lў
mā*y*
pûr*r*-r

9

sōōn
greāt′lў
soiled
sīg*h*

10

hŭng
smĕl*l*
close (klōs)
by (bī)
hŭsh

11

should (sho͝od)
brĕak′fast
bĕt′tĕr
thăn
wĭng
sometime (sŭm′ tīm′)

12

rōōs′tĕr
opened (ō′p'nd)
mouth
noise (noiz)
crows (krōz)
nēed

13

ĕls*e*
larger (lär′jēr)
lŏng
kīnd
wĭsh
could (kō͝od)
fīnd
chĭld
as (ăz)
bärk′ĭng
sĕl′dom (dŭm)

14

nôrth
wĭnd
doth (dŭth)

blō*w*
snō*w*
bärn
kēep
hĭm sĕlf′
hĕad
honey-bee
(hŭn′ŷ-bēe
hīve
stā*y*
tĭl*l*
sprĭng

15

Chĭck′ĕn Lĭt′tle (t'l)
pē*a*
fĕl*l*
sky (skī)
Kĭng
mĕt
Hĕn′nŷ Pĕn′nŷ
Tûr′keŷ Lûr′keŷ

16

Cockey Lockey
(Kŏk′ŷ Lŏk′ŷ)
fŏx

17

Mr. (Mĭs′tĕr)
lives (lĭvz)
tōōk
ō*w*n
dĕn
nĕv′ĕr

18

(*No new words*)

19

crumpled (krŭm′p'ld)
hôrn
tossed (tôst)
maiden (mād′'n)
fŏr lôrn′
milked (mĭlkt)

20

măn
tăt′tĕred
tôrn
kissed (kĭst)
prĭēst
shāv′ĕn
shôrn
măr′rĭed

21

cock (kŏk)
môrn
färm′ĕr
sō*w*′ĭng
corn (kôrn)

22

crab (krăb)
crooked (krŏŏk′ĕd)
lēarn
strā*ight*
shō*w*
try (trī)
crawled (krạld)

23

mīle
sixpence (sĭks′pẹnc)
against (ȧ gĕnst′)
stīle
bought (bạt)
which (hwĭch)
together (tōō gĕth′ĕr)

24

ōld
woman (wŏŏm′*a*n)
ăn
chĭl′drĕn
dĭd′n't
dressed (drĕst)
sāme

25

hăv*e*′n't
brŏth
whip (hwĭp)

26

hăp′pĭ lŷ
sound′lŷ
gāve

27

Mŏl′lŷ
sĭs′tĕr
ȧ bout′
loved (lŭvd)
coffee (kŏf′fẹ)
tē*a*
reason (rē′z'n)
ȧ grēe′
mōr*e*
drĭnks
bŏth

28

sŏng
băg
fu*ll*
rye (rī)
fō*ur* ănd twĕn′tŷ
baked (bākt)
dā*i*n′tŷ
bĕ fōr*e*′

29

counting-hous*e*
(kount′ĭng)
money (mŭn′ŷ)
parlor (pär′lēr)
mā*i*d
snapped (snăpt)
nose (nōz)

30

bears (bârz)
Golden-Lŏcks
(gōld′'n)
woods (wŏŏdz)
wĭld
lăst
hōm*e*

31

thought (thạt)
would (wŏŏd)
bowls (bōlz)
table (tā′b'l)
middle-sīzed′
(mīd′d'l)
hŭn′grŷ
tāst′ĕd

32

climbed (klīmd)
trīed
sŏft
brōk*e*

33

picked (pīkt)
ȧ round′
tīred
ȧ slēep′

34

(*No new words*)

35

ȧ wōke′
nē*a*r
quick (kwĭk)
ŭn tĭl′

36

ĕg*g*
nĕst
stŏŏd
prettiest (prĭt′tĭ ĕst)
ĕv′ĕr
grā*ss*
lĭm*b*
bou*gh*

37

(*No new words*)

38

sir (sĕr)
welcome (wĕl′ kŭm)
fä′thĕr
fôr′tūne
face (fās)
won't (wōnt)
nō′bŏd ŷ
asked (ȧskt)

39

dĭng, dŏng
bĕl*l*
wĕl*l*
Tŏmm′ŷ Grēen
Jŏ*h*nn′ŷ Stout
drown (droun)
kĭl*l*ed

40

shăd′ŏ*w*
brĭ*dg*e
piece (pēs)
mēat
mīne
dropped (drŏpt)

41

thē*e*
stairs (stârz)
ȧ hĕad′
bĕnd
sma*l*l
even (ē′v'n)
ta*l*l

42

frŏg
ŏx
fīne
puffed (pŭft)

43

härd
bûrst
skin
dīed
bē sīde′
rŭsh′ў
pōōl
vĕsts
clean (klēn)
trĭm
first (fērst)
stŭd′ў
rule

44

sŭm′mĕr
mān′ger (jēr)
swēet
hā*y*
working (wûrk′ĭng)

45

Puss′ў Wil′lo*w*
calling (ka*l*′ĭng)
brĭng
sĕnd
brēez′es (ēz)
clear (klēr)
smīl′ing
true′lў
isn't (ĭz′n't)

46

dŏl*l*
prā*y*
ôr
pĕr hăps′

custard (kŭs′tērd)
tärt
ēi′thĕr
heärt

47

drĭed
ēar′lў
thirsty (thērs′tў)
dēep
bŏt′tom (tŭm)
sure (shu͝r)
lēap

48

pĭtch′ĕr
ōn′lў
rēach
pĕb′b'le
another (ăn ŭth′ēr)
tŏp
wise (wīz)
worth (wûrth)

49

rĭd′d'le
legs (lĕgz)
lăp
throws (thrōz)

50

stars (stärz)
hŭnt′ĕd

51

shīne
hôrse
fĭsh
stĕps

52

tōld
thŭmp
eyes (īz)
flōor
rōōm
sti*l*l
drēam

53

nûrse
pins (pĭnz)
cap (kăp)
ĭn sīde′

54

trăp
ȧ shāmed′
cut (kŭt)
care (kâr)
use (ūz)
ȧh

56

hōle
nice (nīs)
cheese (chēz)

57

clap (klăp)
twĭn′k'le
ȧ bove (bŭv′)
world (wûrld)
hĭgh
dī′ȧ mond (mŭnd)
glō′rĭ oŭs
wĕt

58

pĭg
curly-tā*i*led (kûrl′ў)
pĕn
răb′bĭt
shärp
tēeth

59

talked (tąkt)
new (nū)
dŭck
plăs′tĕr
carry (kăr′rў)
mŭd
broa*d*
bĭl*l*

60

dā*y*′ brēāk′

62

stōle
to-whit, to-whee
(tō-hwĭt,′ tō-hwē′)
listen (lĭs′'n)
lā*i*d
mōō-ōō′
wisp

63

bŏb′ ŏ lĭnk
mēan
vow (vou)
hairs (hârz)

64

coo-coo (kōō kōō′)
spēak
word (wûrd)
trēat
wōōl
līne
bäa

65

caw (ka)
thĭēf
cluck (klŭk)
hĕn
trĭck
fēath′ĕr
wōve
scorn (skôrn)
ĭn trude′
brōōd

66

chirr-a-whirr
(chĕr′-ȧ-hwĕr′)
stir (stĕr)
shāme
rōb
cruel (kru͝′ĕl)
Alice Nēa*l* (ăl′ĭs)
săd
fēel
bē hĭnd′
fĕlt

67

gōōse
wīfe
sĕl*l*
rĭch
sōld
nĕxt
dēad
became (bē kām′)
enough (ē nŭf′)

68

lion (lī′ŭn)
pa͟w

69

fôr gĕt′
kĭnd′nĕss
rōpes
gnąw
frēe
sāved
līfe

70

Mother Hŭb′bard (mŭth′ēr)
bōne
bâre
bāk′ĕr
buy (bī)

71

hăt′tĕr
hăt
fēed′ĭng
tāĭl′ôr
gōat
dāme
curtesy (kûr′tē sy)
sĕrv′ant

72

yoŭng
kĕpt
dĭn′ĭng-rōōm′
făm′ĭ lў
crumbs (krŭmz)
joy (joi)

73

sāfe
glăd

74

fĭsh′ ẽr mən
hōōk
shĕlf

75

strīfe
streets (strētz)
lanes (lānz)
năr′rōw
wheelbarrow (hwēl′băr′rō)

76

Bō-pēep′
blēat′ĭng
jōke
flēet′ĭng
crook (krŏŏk)
dẽ tẽr′mĭned
ĭn dēed′
blēed
măs′tẽr

78

fīve
years (yērz)
weâr
cane (kān)
ears (ērz)
people (pē′p'l)

80

nothing (nŭth′ĭng)
frozen (frō′z'n)
yärd
stĭff
brought (brąt)
kĭtch′ĕn
stōve
move (mōōv)

81

flōwn
bųsh

82

shĕll
mēal
pēep
careful (kâr′fụl)

83

minute (mĭn′ĭt)
hĕld
fēet
frĭĕnd

84

bundle (bŭn′d'l)
straw
stĭcks

85

brāve
brĭcks

86

wĭn′tẽr
wolf (wụlf)
knocked (nŏkt)
chĭn′nў, chĭn
hŭff

87

(*No new words*)

88

strŏng

89

ĕlf′măn
lilies (lĭl′ĭz)
slight′lў
frowned (fround)
through (thrōō)
quite (kwīt)

90

fĭēld
swing
ą līve′

91

seven (sĕv′'n)
eleven (ẽ lĕv′'n)
eight (āt)
gāte
nīne
fôrm
tĕn
fŭn

92

Mĭss Mŭf′fĕt
tĭm′ĭd
spĭd′ẽr
sŭp′pẽr
among (ą mŭng′)
tŭf′fĕt
curds and whey (kûrdz ănd hwā)

93

(*No new words*)

94

guĕss
ăp′p'le
cup (kŭp)
Hŭmp′tў Dŭmp′tў

95

līght
lămp
otherwise (ŭth′ẽr wīze′
wĕath′ẽr

96

used (ūzd)
frolic (frŏl′ĭk)
ą gō′
frō
pẽarl
rōw
bĭt

97

cunning (kŭn′nĭng)
speckled (spĕk′l'd

98

gingerbread (jĭn′jẽr brĕd′)
dărk

99

cakes (kāks)
oven (ŭv′'n)
while (hwīl)
thrĕsh′ĭng

100

mōw′ĭng

101

(*No new words*)

102

quarter (kwąr′tẽr)
hălf
rise (rīz)
lies (līz)
lāte
hĕalth′ў
wĕalth′ў

For Primary Teachers

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By story's ended
My spoon is
bended

If you don't like it
Go to the next door
And get it mended

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